

Good Newes from the North,

Truly relating how about a hundred of the *Scottish Rebels*, intending to plunder the house of M. *Thomas Pudsey* (at *Stapleton* in the Bishopri k of *Durham*.) Were set upon by a troupe of our horsemens, under the conduct of that truly valorous gentleman *Lieutenant Smith*, Lieutenant to noble Sr. *John Digby*; thirty nine of them (whereof some were men of quality) are taken prisoners, the rest all slaine except four or five which fled, whereof two are drowned. The names of them taken is inserted in a list by it selfe. This was upon Friday about fore of the clock in the morning, the eighteenth day of this instant September, 1640.

*SH*  
The tune is, *King Henry going to Boulnoe.*



*A*ll you who wish prosperity,  
To our King and Country,  
and their confusion which false hearted be,  
Here is some newnes (to cheare your hearts,)  
Lately from the Northern parts,  
A rebells explayns person'd with rozaige frise.

The Scots (there in possession,  
Almost beyond expession,  
affre the people in outragious wise;  
Befores their lowance (which is much)  
The cruelty of them is such,  
that all they find they take as lawfull p;ise.

Sheepe, Oxen, Kine, and Horses,  
Their quotidian course is,  
to drive away where ever them they finds;  
Money plate and such good gerte,  
From the houses far and neare, (mind,  
they bearre away even what doth please them,

But theirs an ancient adage,  
Ditied in this mad age,  
the pitcher goes so often to the well;  
That it comes broken home at last,  
So they los all their knaberry past, (sive'l.  
Shall we ere long though yet with pride they

As this our present strogi,  
(To the deserued glori.  
of them who were the acto's in this play.)  
Wants you shall a relish gibe,  
Of what (heaven let us live;)  
will come to passe which is our foes decay.

These rebells use to pilage,  
In every country Village,  
and ent'ring round up and downes;  
But now at last the godly Scot,  
Hath a fridays breakfast got,  
few of such feasts will pull their courage downe

At soure o'th clock i'th morning,  
( Let all the rest take warning )  
about a hundred of these rebells came;  
To M. Pudsey's house where they,  
Made sure account to have a p;ise,  
for their intention was to rob the same.

Of no danger thinking,  
To eatting and to drincking,  
The Scots did fall, but sure they said no grace,  
For there they eat and drank their last,  
With ill successe they brake their fast,  
most of them to digest it had no space.

An Englishtroope not farre thence,  
Hear (it stunes) intelligence  
of these bad guests at Master Pudseys house,  
And with all speed to Stapleton,  
With great courage they rode on,  
whilst Jockey was drincking his last carouse.

The house they did beleaguer  
And like to Lions eager,  
they fell upon the Scots pell-mell so fast,  
That in a little space of time,  
With Rebels fall our men did clime,  
They paid them for their insolencies past.



I bylefe the b<sup>r</sup>abe Lieutenant,  
With his men valiant,  
To play their parts against the daring foes,  
But quickly they had cause to say,  
How meat w<sup>t</sup> it have sowne fance alway,  
So so indeede they found to all their woes.

Thirty nine are prisoners taine,  
For all the rest on right ac<sup>r</sup>oss line,  
Except some fourt<sup>e</sup> five that ran away,  
And two of those (as some alledge)  
Were drown'd in passing o<sup>r</sup> Crofts bridge,  
Sooner they were pursu'd they durst not stay.  
Of them who are in duracie  
(Under godd assurance)  
Some office<sup>s</sup> and men of quality,  
Among them are, 'tis manifest,  
To them who will peruse the list,  
Wherein their names are set downe orderly.

One worthy Smith his batur,  
With hows into the doles,  
Of these proud Rebels, which with surce

Came as in zeale and nothing else,  
But now deare bought experiance tells  
These were but faire pretences to beguile's.

But th' end of their intention  
Is it (with circumvention)  
They can make us belefe what they pretend,  
They'll hold us on with fained w<sup>r</sup>ds,  
And make us loath to draw our swzds,  
To worke our ruine, that's their chiefest end.

But God I trust will quickly  
Heale our Kingdome sickly,  
In long indid sick of credulity;  
And heire blind eyes illuminati,  
Who bring this danger to the State,  
By trusting to a friend-like enimis.

He dayly pray and boorely,  
As it doth in my power lye, (success,  
to him by whom Kings reigne; that with  
King Charles goe on and prosper may,  
And (having made the Scoe obey,)  
rule o<sup>r</sup> his Lands in peace and happynesse

18 Septemb. 1640 being  
Fryday morning.

Captaine Ayton.

4 Hopper Cornet to the Major  
Duglasse.

5 Ia. Ogley, Sarjeant to the said  
Major.

6 Patricke Vamphogie troupe.

7 James Colvildell.

8 James Leving ston.

9 Hector Mackmouih.

10 John Comde.

11 John Hench.

12 Alexander Paxton, wounded.

13 William Ridge.

14 David Buens wounded.

15 Adam Bonyer.

16 Rob. Ferrony.

17 Ia. Milver.

18 David Borres.

19 Rob. Leisley.

20 Ia. Ramsey.

21 Allen Duckell a dutch boy  
wounded.

22 Alexander Ferdringham.

23 Ia. Cattrick.

24 Allen Leving ston.

25 George Harret.

26 Andrew Townes.

27 Robert Warrs.

28 Alexander Warrs.

29 William Anderson.

30 Ia. Layton.

31 Alex. Dick.

32 Patricke Cranny.

33 William Simpson.

34 Tho. Husband neere dead.

35 Ia. Hill.

36 Thomas Ferley.

37 Andrew Whitehall.

38 Iames Vianley.

FINIS M.P.